The Subtile Damosel:

Or, Good Counsel for Maids.

Wherein she shews to every Maiden fair,
To take heed of false young men wherever they are:
For Frummety *Dick* doth love well the Kettle,
And porrige pot *Will* is a man of great mettle.

To the Tune of, *the new made Gentlewoman.*

I Once had a Servant, as other Maids have
That pretended to love me but he proved a knave:
He thought by his tricks to overcome me,
But I was as cunning and crafty as he.

His tongue was so tipt with temptations that I
Out of his presence or sight could not lie;
He call'd me his honey, his duck and his dear:
But now his words to me he doth them forswear.

But now I am free from him, I'm glad in my heart:
It is never be said, I will mourn when we part:
But unto all Maids now the truth I will show,
To take heed of false young men wherever they go.

In th' first place take heed, and beware what I say:
For when you are bound, they'l force you to obey:
Here trust a man that hath a red Nose,
Before he'l want his liquor he'l pawn your best cloaths:

The Subtile Damosel:

Or, Good Counsel for Maids.

Wherein she shews to every Maiden fair,
To take heed of false young men wherever they are:
For Frummety *Dick* doth love well the Kettle,
And porrige pot *Will* is a man of great mettle.

To the Tune of, *the new made Gentlewoman.*

I Once had a Servant, as other Maids have
That pretended to love me but he proved a knave:
He thought by his tricks to overcome me,
But I was as cunning and crafty as he.

His tongue was so tipt with temptations that I
Out of his presence or sight could not lie;
He call'd me his honey, his duck and his dear:
But now his words to me he doth them forswear.

But now I am free from him, I'm glad in my heart:
It is never be said, I will mourn when we part:
But unto all Maids now the truth I will show,
To take heed of false young men wherever they go.

In th' first place take heed, and beware what I say:
For when you are bound, they'l force you to obey:
Here trust a man that hath a red Nose,
Before he'l want his liquor he'l pawn your best cloaths:

There's Dick came and Harry,
both Robin and Will
Have cholved themselves clowns,
and so they'l be still:
For Peter at dancing
he put them all down
But John kill the best of all
men in the Town.

But though I did promise him
and count him the best
Yet he can dissemble
as well as the rest:
From eighteen to thirty
these young men I mind
Loves a wench in a corner,
if they can them find.

For this I'm resolved,
and so I say still,
There's not one amongst twenty
but he doth prove ill:
Search every City
and Town you shan't see
A man that proves constant
and faithful to be

Though John of good mettle,
and counted so civil,
At a Frummety Kettle
he'l fight with the Devil:
For a long spoon and custard
he's a right honest man:
But I have forsook him
then love him who can.

There's Bob a good fellow
to give him his due:
Such a young man again
I think there is but few:
Yet with one disease he is
troubled I smell,
If he meet with a wench,
he can't kiss her but tell.

Also came the Taylor
and the Weaver I discern,
The one is for Shreds,
the others for Yarn:

These two boon Companion
work hard I do see,
And they're striving which of them
the best thief will be.

Last Valentines day
I met with my Dear,
He took me by the hand,
and lead me to the Fair:
He gave me fine fairings,
to kiss me was bold:
But at last I do give him
the dog for to hold,

His eloquent speeches
could do him no good,
I can give him fair words,
and then leave i'th' mud:
He talkt of deep learning,
but I did him tell
That he went to school
in some bottomless well.

The world now adaies
it is come to that pass,
That every Boy now
doth look for a Lass:
There's Bacon-fac'd Harry
as short as my thumb,
All arse and no body. Sing
come pudding come.

These young men & more of them
which I could name,
To wrong pretty Maidens
they think it no shame.
But what shou'd we speak on't
it oft has been try'd,
That honest young men
they cannot abide.

Thus Maids have I told you
some part of my mind,
How 'tis very heard a good
Husband to find.
Though my Love hath left me,
to grieve I ne'er shall:
If the rest prove no better,
old Nick take them all

Finis. By J. Wade.

London, Printed for Richard Hardy at the Horshoe in West Smithfield.